

# Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER.

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## NECTAR OF THE WOODS'

### SAP OF THE MAPLE BRINGS MIL- LIONS TO FARMERS.

Early Spring Is the Period of the An-  
nual Flow—Scientific Explanation of  
the Sweet Liquid Which Is Made  
into Sugar.

The crop of maple sugar this spring  
will be about 45,000,000 pounds, and  
will put something like \$2,000,000 into  
the pockets of American farmers. All  
of this vast quantity will be collected in  
small amounts, not less than 400 gall-  
ons of sap being required to furnish  
100 pounds of sugar, and the total num-  
ber of trees tapped will be not far from  
15,000,000.

Why does the maple tree yield sugar?  
The question has long been regarded as  
a most puzzling one. But science has  
at last found out the reason, and is able  
to offer a complete explanation of the  
source of the sugar and of the flow of  
sap which occurs in spring, granting a  
luscious reward to the gatherers who,  
while yet the snow is on the ground, in-  
vade the woods with pails and kettles,  
tapping the trees and boiling the sacchar-  
ine juice over roaring fires.

#### A Scientific Explanation.

The maple tree is a chemical labor-  
atory. In summer it stores in its sap  
wood, just beneath the bark, quantities  
of starch, which is to serve as food for  
new growth in the following spring.  
When spring arrives, there is a great  
flow of water up the trunk, and it is



THE SUGAR CABIN.

necessary that this water shall carry the  
sap to the twigs and buds and leaves.  
But the water, of course, cannot dis-  
solve starch, and accordingly the tree  
converts the starch into sugar, which is  
readily taken up by the water and dis-  
tributed in the form of a diluted syrup  
to the uttermost part of the plant.

In order to accomplish this, the tree  
utilizes the services of certain micro-  
scopic organisms called "enzymes," which  
cause a fermentation of the starch, by  
which it is transformed into sugar. The  
sap drawn from the maple contains about  
3 per cent of sugar. It is a richly nutri-  
tive solution which flows through every  
vein and cell of the plant.

What has been said, however, does  
not in the least explain why the sap  
flows in the way it does when the tree  
is tapped. The explanation of this phe-  
nomenon, as the scientists have ascer-  
tained, lies in the fact that the syrup  
traveling outward to the twigs and  
leaves, undergoes expansion by the heat  
of the sun, thus exerting a pressure  
downward. When a hole is bored in the  
trunk, therefore, the juice is forced out.

Tests made at the Vermont experi-  
ment station, where the whole problem  
has been worked out, have shown that  
the sap pressure is commonly as much  
as 25 pounds to the square inch. That  
the pressure comes from above and not  
from below has been conclusively proved  
by the use of ingenious instruments  
placed at various heights on the tree,  
from the roots all the way up to the  
topmost branches. To these instruments  
dials are attached, so that the observer,  
with the help of a ladder, can see at a  
glance what amount of pressure is reg-  
istered by each one. An interesting point  
to notice is that the pressure is greatest  
on sunshiny days, when, of course, the  
sap in the leaves and twigs is most ex-  
panded.

**A Natural Sugar Factory.**  
The maple tree is a sugar factory.  
But to be more precise, the maple leaf  
is a maker of starch, which, after being  
stored away, is converted later on into  
sugar. The tree that is the best pro-  
duced with foliage and most exposed to sun-  
shine is the best sap-yielder. In fact,

Dunn's Election to Mayoralty Makes  
This a Certainty.

The victory of Judge Edward F.  
Dunn in Chicago, when he was elected  
by about 25,000 majority to succeed  
Carter Harrison as Mayor, means much  
for municipal ownership. He ran on a  
platform for city ownership and pro-  
claimed his sentiment in favor of this plan  
that his chief opponent, John M. Har-  
lan, also stood for it, though on a more  
conservative basis. Dunn's election is  
the greatest victory municipal ownership  
ever won.

Concerning his plan Judge Dunn  
says:

"First, I will appoint a corps of expert  
engineers to make a careful survey  
of all the street railways in the city, so  
that we will know just how the city  
when it secures control of the lines, will  
be able to handle the proposition. This  
will take time, but I believe that before  
many months you will see the city of  
Chicago owning and operating at least  
one street railway line."

The traction question depends in a  
great measure on the action of the  
courts, but in cases where legal proceed-  
ings are pending I will endeavor to bring  
about an immediate settlement. Of  
course, it will be years before the city  
will come into possession of all the street  
tray rail franchises of Chicago, but we  
will gradually assume control of the dif-  
ferent lines and in time I sincerely be-  
lieve the day will come when the people  
will control the entire street railway  
system of Chicago."

Chicago will spend \$100,000,000 in  
purchasing the railroads' rights and as-  
sets.

The President's Doctor.

President Roosevelt's enigma of the  
family doctor recalls the fact that, un-  
noticed by the general public, one of the  
special guests who sat by the Presi-  
dent's side on a recent dinner he attended  
in New York was the old family physi-  
cian, who had presided at the future  
President's birth, the venerable Dr.  
Thomas Adams Emmet. It is a family  
tradition among the Roosevelts that  
a person well skilled in the art, and then  
in a semi-failed state, is stirred until it  
begins to granulate and is then pressed  
into molds to harden.

Albert Butler, a photographer of Oma-  
ha, Neb., was making preparations to  
take a flashlight picture of a saloon a  
few nights ago, when, without warning,  
the apparatus exploded and fragments  
of his body were blown in all directions.  
A bystander was seriously cut about the  
head and the saloon building was wrecked  
by the explosion.

Indiana labor unions are circulating a  
petition to save the life of George B.  
Warner, under sentence of death for mur-  
der at Louisville, Ky.

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# PEACE BY THE PEOPLE

## RUSSIA'S GREATEST TROUBLE.

By Rabbi Emil G. Meissch.

In the word "graft" is contained a large measure of the explanation of the present situation in Russia. That little, weak, pliable figure on the Russian throne, the Czar, is a puppet in the hands of the grand ducal clique. That clique, which lives off graft, with a nation at its mercy and as its prey, will fight to the last ditch to remain in complete power, and it will stay in power as long as the army remains loyal. While the Cossacks are blindly devoted to the imperial family and probably will do as commanded by their superior officers, the hope of the friends of freedom lies in refusal on the part of the army at large to continue obedient.

Discontent has been spreading in Russia for a long time and has resulted naturally. Russia is an anachronism. It is a country founded originally on an agricultural basis, with the people as a whole settled in the country at large. Then came the attempt of Russia to fit modern inventions to the old system. On the agricultural basis came railroads, factories and the other agents of machinery. Under Financial Minister De Witte Russia has tried to become an industrial state, and, while something has been accomplished, yet to make Russia produce benefits to the whole country under a factory system the nation should have a flexible constitution. The constitution of Russia is not flexible, and even the right to move about freely is denied to the people. Unrest has followed.

Again, there is a reason for the unrest of Russia in the fact that there is no system of education, and the head of the department of enlightenment has the real duty of seeing that the people are not enlightened. While there are some excellent universities, the real spirit of university life is lacking, for the students are denied the right of free thought and free speech. Only a small fragment of the trained intellect of the country has been able to find a field for itself. The clergy are the most ignorant and it has been said, the most immoral of all clergy, and the church has not proved attractive for men of keen and trained intellects. The press offers no outlet, for it is muzzled, although a few of the trained minds have been absorbed by the government. Here they merely have become a part of the governmental machine.

Thus the intellectual classes find there is no place in Russia for them, and they accordingly want an eruption and a rebuilding of the structure. Russia has been defined as an autocracy modified by assassination. It is the bureaucracy which has prevented all attempts at granting reforms.

## A WOMAN HAS A RIGHT TO BE AN OLD MAID.

By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

There is a growing tendency among the girls of the present day not to marry. In our grandmother's time every woman considered spinsterhood as an unmitigated calamity; but nowadays many women deliberately prefer to remain single. And there is much to be said in favor of the single life, with its independence and its freedom from anxiety and responsibility. It has fewer joys than the married state, but also fewer cares. And a single woman has a far better time now than she ever had before, owing to her increased liberty and freedom. Nevertheless, this present reaction against marriage is not altogether a good thing.

It is all right for a woman with means and position of her own: she can afford to please herself; but there are numberless daughters of middle class men who have come

## PEARY'S NEW SHIP.

By Which He Expects to Reach the North Pole.

Early in July Commander Peary will sail from New York and make the attempt to cross the vast waste of sea ice necessary to reach the North Pole. It covers an area as large as the United States. He expects to succeed, for no Arctic explorer ever started out so well equipped.

Commander Peary has been very busy supervising the completion of his vessel in Maine. The vessel was launched at Bucksport on March 23; and as she slipped down the ways Mrs. Peary broke the conventional bottle and christened her the Roosevelt. All that experience and the skill of the naval architect can suggest are combined in the new ship. Armored with strength as was never Arctic craft before, it is believed that she may force her way through the interlocking ice to within striking distance of the topmost point of the globe.

The intention is to force her along the frigid zone of Grant Land as far north as possible, and from this point, this utmost land line, to sledge across the great polar pack. The power of her engines and her strength in all details of construction are relied upon to enable her to cleave a way where others have failed. The new ship is not large, but she is big enough for the work she has to do, and everything about her is handy and serviceable. Her principal dimensions are: Length on load water line, 100 feet; length over all, 185 feet; beam, maximum at load water line, 34 feet; beam, over all, 25 feet 3 inches; mean draft, 16 feet; full load displacement, about 1,500 tons. To take the worst of the rub of passing ice, the

## MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA.



A magnificent memorial and a gem of architectural beauty is to be erected in Calcutta, India, in honor of the late Queen Victoria. The building is to be of white marble and the height from the pavement to the top of the great central dome will be 220 feet. The plans for the magnificent monument to the first English empress of the great Oriental land were drawn by a London architect and have the approval of King Edward.

## OTHER NOTIONS OF DR. OSLER'S

On Bachelors Recommended and an Export Duty on Canadian Girls.

Dr. William Osler, according to the Canadian Practitioner, addressed the Canadian Club of Toronto on Dec. 29, the New York Medical Journal. The reception to Dr. Osler by the 400 members who were present was most enthusiastic.

Dr. Osler, who was introduced as one who had become the first physi-

A very serious and important influence was that of gravitation, the attraction of the larger body upon the smaller, which caused an incessant trembling over the bodies of their young men. A million Canadians were in the States, many in prominent positions, particularly in medicine and the professions. There they had been successful by reason of two special qualities, industry and thoroughness, the only qualities worth anything in the make-up of a young man. If it were only in the matter of drawing away the young men, it would make no difference, as plenty were left to run the country. But a more serious loss was that of the young women. He had a patient once, a neophyte young man of 20 or so, whose heart was not settled. Dr. Osler asked him why he did not get married. "Because all the girls I wanted have gone to the States," was the reply. Of 651 women engaged in nursing in six of the greater Eastern hospitals, 190 were Canadians, an enormous proportion, almost one-third. "Something should be done," said Dr. Osler, "to stop the loss of the mothers of the country." He suggested two ways. Introduce a tax on bachelors. At 25 or 26 the man who had not a family to support ought to be helping the other fellow, and such a tax would be a reasonable and rational political measure. The other way was an export tax of \$100 on every girl who left Canada.

"She's worth more," the doctor remarked, while the club hilariously assented. She was worth \$1,000 to the country, and it would pay to give her family that to keep her at home.

Stringer.—There was a time when I lived at the rate of \$50,000 a year. Swallows—Indeed! And now long did you keep it up? Stringer—Oh, about 30 seconds.—Chicago News.

The only secret ever kept by a woman is—well, it's still a secret.

## BIG SIMPLON TUNNEL.

### BORE THROUGH ROCK, MUD AND HOT WATER.

The Building of the Great Simplon Tunnel Through the Alps Is of Much Importance—Some Discoveries Made that Aid Science.

The world never witnessed a greater triumph of mind over matter than was signalized by the successful meeting of the galleries which now pierce the Simplon mountain for a distance of 12.26 miles and shorten the journey from Calais to Milan to 583 miles, where, no doubt, the water was superheated as the air was, by filling underground caverns faster than it could escape, and perhaps by being subjected to great additional pressure by the imperceptible movement of the mountain itself in response to solar forces.

### OUR AMERICAN DEAD SEA.

Great Salt Lake to Meet Same Fate as Great Desert to West of It.

Great Salt Lake, that lifeless body of brine known as the American dead sea, is doomed. "The lake is going to meet the same fate as the great desert to the west of it and not so very far in the past was part of the lake," said Horace G. Lester, of Utah. "Partly as the result of natural causes and partly through shortage of the water supply which feeds it this remarkable body of water is drying up. When it first became apparent that the waters were receding we thought that the trouble was only temporary.

"There has been a scarcity of snow in the mountains for several years and then, too, the waters of the Jordan and the other streams which feed it are diverted for irrigation. If the lake could get its usual supply of moisture its

losses to air blasts had been enabled to return to work by the use of powerful ventilators distributing cold air drawn from the outside, and by sprays of cold water playing inside the tunnel to keep down the temperature, they continued to work until May, 1903, when at a depth of three miles they began to encounter streams of superheated water, which poured into the tunnel from both above and below after the blasting.

The presence of this hot water in the heart of the mountain at such a depth bears directly on a point in much doubt at the time of the Mont Pelee explosion, the question of the possibility of water penetrating in large quantities through such channels as were opened in Monte Leone, where, no doubt, the water was superheated as the air was, by filling underground caverns faster than it could escape, and perhaps by being subjected to great additional pressure by the imperceptible movement of the mountain itself in response to solar forces.

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Sheep that are properly fitted for market readily find a buyer.

Too large quantities of fertilizers applied at one time will kill tender plants.

Sheep, independent of wool, are worth more than their cost in what they do for the farm and in the meat they furnish.

Sheep are about the only animals that do not exhaust the land upon which they feed, but really permanently.

A Massachusetts farmer claims to have grown \$1,000 worth of cabbages on one acre of ground. This is what might be termed intensive farming.

The Dorset breeders for some time claimed that breed as being dog-proof. Will some enterprising breeder now proceed to produce a wolf-proof breed?

A fairly well graded flock of ewes bred for a few years to none but first class rams will in a short time give as good a flock as is needed for all practical purposes.

Good wool as well as good mutton depend largely upon the care and food they receive; hence it is unreliable in some cases in determining age. A sheep has eight incisors in lower jaw. The two in the center are called the "central incisors"; one on each side of these the "internal laterals," one on each side of these the "external laterals," and those on the outside the "corner." Under ordinary circumstances, dentition is as follows: At from twelve to fifteen months, the central permanent incisors are up and in wear; at from eighteen to twenty-four months, the internal lateral permanent incisors are up and in wear; at twenty-seven to thirty-three months, the external lateral permanent incisors are up and in wear; at from three to four years the corners are up and in wear. Of course, the first teeth are temporary, and these are shed and replaced by permanent ones at the ages mentioned. It requires considerable practice to enable a man to tell the age of any animal by the teeth, and especially in sheep or cattle where dentition is so irregular.

To Tell the Age of Sheep. Dentition in sheep is irregular, depending greatly upon the care and food they receive; hence it is unreliable in some cases in determining age. A sheep has eight incisors in lower jaw. The two in the center are called the "central incisors"; one on each side of these the "internal laterals," one on each side of these the "external laterals," and those on the outside the "corner." Under ordinary circumstances, dentition is as follows: At from twelve to fifteen months, the central permanent incisors are up and in wear; at from eighteen to twenty-four months, the internal lateral permanent incisors are up and in wear; at twenty-seven to thirty-three months, the external lateral permanent incisors are up and in wear; at from three to four years the corners are up and in wear. Of course, the first teeth are temporary, and these are shed and replaced by permanent ones at the ages mentioned. It requires considerable practice to enable a man to tell the age of any animal by the teeth, and especially in sheep or cattle where dentition is so irregular.

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### How to Raise Turkeys.

Secure a box about fourteen inches square and about eight inches deep. Put some dry dirt in this box first with a little slack lime mixed in it, then some soft straw. Place not over ten to eleven eggs in the one so prepared nest. After they have been sat upon eighteen to twenty days dampen them with a little warm water. In four or five days repeat it.

When the turkeys have hatched do not be in a hurry to get them out of the nest. On a warm day twelve hours is soon enough, and upon a cold day twenty-four hours is better. When you take them out place them in a dry, warm, clean coop and feed on hard boiled milk to drink. Feed regularly three times a day for the first two or three days, then feed five times a day regularly.

At first little turkeys need to be kept warm and do not need much food. After they are about five days old feed light bread crumbs and curd four times a day, but at night give a little egg. Give all the milk they will consume if you can afford it. When about three weeks old let them out for two hours in the heat of the day, but do not let them get wet or cold. After they are six weeks of age, they will give no more trouble than a strong, healthy chicken.—A. V. Meissch in Western Poultry Journal.

### Good Hog Feed.

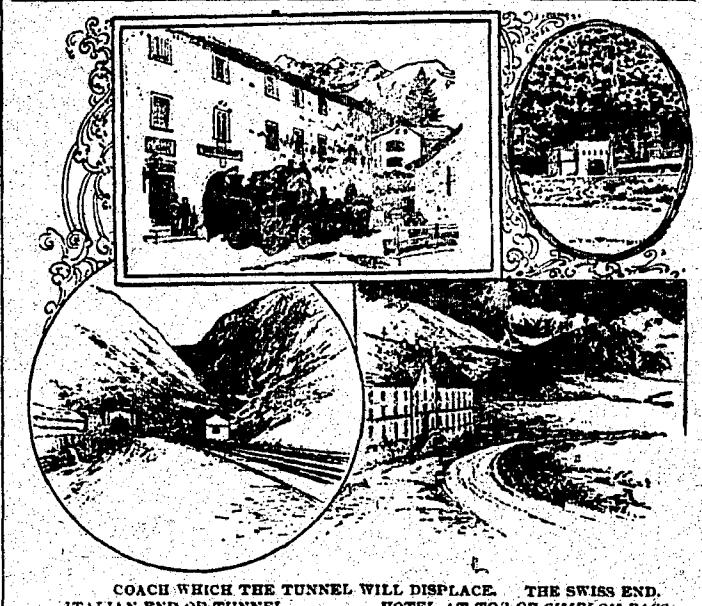
The prominent Institute lecturer, Mr. Theodore Lewis, has the following to say regarding the use of pumpkins and squash for the feeding of hogs:

"I want to suggest a profitable investment of little labor and still less cash. Take from a half to a full acre of corn field that lies nearest to the barn yard, that is likely to be well supplied with manure, and give it a liberal dressing of that material. Then plow it under as soon as possible, and start off the plat so that its boundaries will be well known. When preparing the corn field be sure to give this particular piece a specially good harrowing. When marking the field for corn, probably from May 10 to 15, mark this plat also, one way, but plant no corn on it. When the field is harrowed to kill the sprouting weeds and grass, as it should be before and after the corn is up, do not neglect the unplanted portion.

"About May 25, if the season is ordinarily favorable, plant this plat to squash, but not the hard shell kind, or to pumpkins or both. Plant eight feet apart each way, and put in plenty of seed so as to give cut worms or squash bugs their fill and have plants left. When the insects have departed thin the plants to four or five to the hill, if the insects did not do the thinning. Each time the corn is cultivated go through the squash patch until the vines get too large to allow it. In this way the vines are not injured by cultivation of the corn.

"If the season is at all favorable there will be tons of squashes and pumpkins on the ground, and they can be got at without driving over a large field to gather them, and will avoid waiting for them until the corn is matured and cut up. This makes it possible to begin feeding them earlier, and so lengthens the feeding season of a kind of material that is very beneficial to hogs as they are changed from the pastures to the fattening pen for early market. And nothing better substitutes the succulence of the summer during the later feeding period than the 'fruits' named.

"After the feed of corn, the squash or pumpkin dessert should follow on the feeding floor. They should be cut a few times with a sharp spade, so the hogs can make good use of them. The quantity of feed must be regulated by the effect on the animals, and that can be most quickly discovered by watching the excrement. If too much is being fed the hogs will be too loose and the excrement will not be of a healthy color. These things will suggest a change in quantity of the succulent feed. With such feeding, however, wisely done, there will be no breaking down of hogs or other preventable ailments, but there will be a thrifit and growth that will at once surprise and delight."



COACH WHICH THE TUNNEL WILL DISPLACE. THE SWISS END. ITALIAN END OF TUNNEL.

Some of the greatest troubles were met in 1904, when only 1,063 metres were pierced, but for months together the splendid drills regularly turned out eighteen feet of gallery every twenty-four hours, which far exceeded the rate ever before attained in the world on any work of this kind.

The gradient ascends at each entrance toward the middle for the purpose of drainage, and this alone made possible the completion of the work. At a distance of 4,300 metres from Iselle a spring, or rather a river, of cold water was struck, which gushed 12,500 gallons a minute and delayed operations on the Italian side for months. Moreover, the ground was treacherous and this necessitated elaborate propping. The largest timbers were crushed and steel girders were twisted. The latter were eventually made serviceable with the aid of concrete cement.

### Hot Springs.

Meanwhile from Brig the workers reached the summit of the gradient in the middle of the tunnel, although the temperature had risen to 132 degrees Fahrenheit, which was 23 degrees higher than expected. The Swiss workers then began to drive down to meet the Italians, and the hot springs troubles, which had been fully foreseen, began again. Water of a temperature of 117 degrees Fahrenheit was soon tapped, but this was over come for a while by sending jets of cold water into the fissures.

When, however, the Swiss had gone 500 metres from the summit the works became filled with scalding water and finally stopped the working from the Brig end. This was in May, 1904. It was the last named accumulation which gushed through the final breach subsequently. From the Swiss side the works into Italy now remain complete.

Arching of masonry covers in the water channel beneath the floor of the tunnel. It is expected that a train will go through the tunnel not later than May of this year.

### Discoveries Affecting Science.

The difficulties of the tunnel are more interesting and important from some standpoints than the tunnel itself. The mountain has no seeming connection with any volcanic system, and it is a type of the ordinary Alpine peaks, supposedly solid rock, from its base to the summit. Yet, the mountain has a system of internal circulation of both air and water in powerful currents at a very high temperature.

The facts learned during the boring will enter fully into future discussions of the causes of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and may go far toward bringing about the formation of a finally satisfactory theory. When the tunnel from the north had passed its central point by some 2,000 feet a dynamite charge opened a vein of hot air whose temperature Dr. Viret states was between 122 and 144 Fahrenheit.

These currents of superheated air in the heart of the mountain indicate immense pressure as the cause of superheating, a fact now to be taken still more fully into consideration in accounting for the operation of the superheated steam, which is one of the most powerful factors in such volcanic explosions as that which blew up the cap of Vesuvius and of Mount Pelee.

The only secret ever kept by a woman is—well, it's still a secret.

## Crawford Avalanche.

G. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Six Months.....	.50
Three Months.....	.25

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GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APR. 20.

## Arbor Day

### Plant a Tree Plant a Tree

You were a child once, and away back there in the wee, toddlin' days, mayhap, there was a great spreading elm or maple or linden or oak tree—in the houseyard or the field, maybe, or possibly in the roadside—and in the warm summer days its cool inviting shade seemed to say, "Come here, little one—come here and play." And you were happy, and the tree was one of the pleasant things of life.

You were older—in the school days, perhaps—and one in the merry group that, full of life and its joyfulness, sought the shade of the little grove nearby and played at the games that were but mimicry of the greater game of life you learned long since—and the shade of the old grove is a part of the memory of the joyful, happy time.

You were older still, tho' yet on the threshold. Do you not remember the evening you and she walked together and that glorious summer moon overhead? And up the lane where that old tree stood—not even the moon must see some things—you stopped there, and you think the clear-cut shadows of the outer branches fell like lacework on the grass and the gray-brown of the roadway. And that old tree was a part of the sweetest thing in life.

Older still, and weary miles of a journey, behind and ahead. A great tree shuts out the glare of the sun and casts a pleasant shade far out across the dusty roadway. How comforting to sit there and rest? Not a ray of that scorching sun reaches you and the wind gently rustles the leaves above with a soothin' song that lulls the jangled nerves and gives life a brighter tint. Is not such a tree one of the good things of this world?

Arbor Day—Tree Planting Day—comes this year on Friday, April 28. Do not let it pass without setting out at least one tree for the sake of some of these old memories. Plant it and care for it and some day it may bring into another life some of the pleasant things that the trees have brought into yours. Do not let it go by without observance.

Plant, and the tree you plant may come to shade the little one at play, the child at school, the lovers and the tired wayfarer, and bring into their hearts blessing and benison upon the head of him who planted.

Think of what Miss Grayling would be if each of her broad streets were lined with great shade trees? They will be some day. But the trees must be planted and cared for. Something over five hundred dollars' worth of fruit, shade and ornamental trees and shrubs have been delivered for this spring's planting within the limits of her village domain. It is a high tribute to her good taste and the faith her people have in her that she has come to stay.

Get in line and plant a tree—if you can't manage it on Arbor Day then before or after any time up to the middle of May. But plant a tree—even if you have to go to the woods and dig it up and carry it home. Plant a tree—and more if you can.

The old shoe firm of Pingree & Smith seem to have been very much of a tragedy. Fifteen years ago Charles H. Smith, who pushed Pingree to the front, got involved in outside ventures and in spite of the fact that he had a world of friends who begged him to let them help him out of a hole that was a mere temporary embarrassment for such a man, he kissed his wife one night at a little social gathering and disappeared. So far as the public knew he was never heard of, and after a few months he was declared legally dead and an administrator appointed for his estate, which with him dead, amounted to little. It seems, however, that his partner, Hansen S. Pingree, knew of his whereabouts nearly all the time and not only supported him but also his wife and family. Then Mr. Pingree had his great success and became the

## Crawford County's Future

No practical move has yet been made toward bringing a knowledge of the advantages of Crawford county to the attention of possible settlers.

Everybody knows it should be done—nobody moves. Why? Well, it is one of the mysteries of human caustiness. That's all. There is as much public spirit, as much appreciation of the benefits that would be derived from such a movement, among our citizens as among the citizens of any community in the state. It will come in time. Such things move slowly.

In the meantime there is nothing to be discouraged over. One of the croakers dropped in the other day and in the course of his cheerful remarks said that it was no use—nothing would ever be done.

"But something could be done if it were properly handled?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes, we've got a pretty good county if it could only be settled up," he admitted.

Now that same man wouldn't admit, six months ago, that you could raise white beans enough to feed a sheep on in the whole county. So there's large hope. Crawford county will wake up yet.

### More Market Talk; A Wider Field

"NO PRACTICAL man expects to go into a primeval wilderness and find all the appliances and conveniences of civilization. Those things come only after the long and sturdy battle of the pioneer has been fought.

The complaint that the local markets of Crawford county are not all that could be desired, is true enough in a certain sense. I discussed the conditions governing the situation locally in last week's issue and I believe the conclusion was plain enough that there are, even under present conditions, many things that are of advantage to our farmers over those of some of the older sections of the state.

"But it seems to me the most important phase of the question lies in relation to the future. Have we here a situation that will give us good markets when we have advanced far enough to have products to market? Will the market come when we need it?

"It seems to me there can be no room for doubt. We are much nearer the great centers of consumption and demand to the east and south of us than most of the great prairie states. It is simply a question of time and development when there will be cross-state railways, reaching the great lakes on either side of us, giving us the advantage of water transportation. I understand one such road is already under construction, to pass only a few miles north of us. More will come. We are as near the seaboard as any of the great agricultural and horticultural sections of the country, and our chances for a fair shake in the great markets of the world are as good as the best.

"And within a few hours to the north of us lies one of the most wonderful copper and iron mining regions on the face of the earth. What has been done in this mining section so far is but a spoonful taken from a mountain in relation to its vast possibilities of production. And already there is a population up there that reaches into the hundreds of thousands—not a soul of which produces a pound of anything in the way of foodstuff. Growing constantly with a future no man can predict, it is only a few years when this population will reach millions.

"And it must be fed. It must have flour and meat and hay and grain and fruits and vegetables. It is a class that in the main earns good wages and feeds well. Its natural base of supplies for all these things it needs is the nearest point at which they are produced and can be reached. We can produce and our produce—especially in the way of fruits and vegetables, of dairy products, etc.—can be sent them so that they will reach the table fresh from the farm and the orchard and garden the same day.

"The potentiality of such a demand—practically right at our door—need not be demonstrated any further than the mere mention. It is our market if we get the farmers into Crawford county and Northern Michigan and raise the stuff they need. And it means that we have the vast advantage the Almighty gave the crab—if we can't go forward we can go backward. If our southern and eastern outlets do not offer attractive prices we have this great northern mining section where we have so many distinct advantages.

"Nor is this the whole story. There are today about us natural resources in hardwood timber and other raw materials that mean, as our development progresses, the upbuilding of manufacturing plants in a hundred different lines. Space forbids the detailing of many of these openings, but a few of those that are even now attracting the attention of promoters may be mentioned. Take the multiple forms of which our splendid hardwoods form the raw material. The new hardwood flooring industry recently established here through the enterprise and far-sighted business judgment of a local firm, and which is now installing one of the largest plants in this special line in the world, is evidence of the magnitude of this resource. Our dowel factory is another. Besides these may be mentioned furniture, tools, handles, implements, various small articles utilizing the by-product and waste from the larger concerns—to extend the list for a column would be easy. And more and more business men are learning the economy of making the goods right on the ground where the raw material is obtained. And all these workers will mean so many mouths for the farmer to feed.

"Our mica deposits are among the largest and cleanest and most accessible in the world. Cement is coming in as a factor in all classes of building operations faster than shot rolls off a sloping shingle. Some day there will be big cement factories in this section. They are sure to come. And with them more mouths to feed.

"Again we have almost unlimited deposits of excellent peat and there is a future in this. Now, to take the smaller industries that spring up as the community grows and produces. Pickle and canning factories—one coming in this very spring only twenty or thirty miles below—beet sugar factories, creameries—but it is not necessary to go further. They all bring mouths to feed and mouths to feed mean markets.

"Once more. If the Almighty ever intended any section of the world as a sanitarian and health resort—then it must have been Northern Michigan, with her beautiful lakes and streams, her diversified scenery, pure water, and the breath of her fragrant pines; but above all the clear, bracing, upbuilding and invigorating qualities of her atmosphere. This means a mighty development in the near future—already well under way—of our summer resort resources. It means hundreds of thousands of people to feed beside our permanent population.

"So I believe the market and of the question need give us no uneasiness whatever. It will, in all probability, be here ready and waiting for us, as, indeed, it is now in a sense. The thing to do is to get the produce to supply the market. Of course this involves getting the settlers onto our vacant lands and making farms of them.

"One of the kind of gentlemen who are always pointing out how things can't be done put this question the other day: "Is the AVALANCHE trying to start a boom for Crawford county?" Now, a boom would be better than just sitting on the fence and seeing the procession go by. But a boom is a movement not generally supported on a solid foundation, or caused by exaggerated, overblown representations of the facts, and usually results in disappointment. But facts, the truth about the advantages and opportunities that our county can offer the homeseeker, these are what the paper is trying honestly to present. It is firmly of the faith that if a fair and honest statement of the facts with regard to the resources and possibilities of Crawford county and Northern Michigan could be put before the world of homeseekers in the older and more thickly settled sections of the country, where the price of land is a practical bar to the man of small means owning a farm—it this class could be reached with the truth and the old "pine barren" lie nailed—then the time of our development would be numbered by months instead of years.

"The man who says this section has no future is simply blind—if not then that then he will have long ears.

"And it is up to our people to push ahead and take advantage of our opportunities. The sooner the move is made the sooner they will come into their own."

Idol of the people and the prey of grafters of his military household, and died brokenhearted. Then his brother, Frank Pingree, got mixed up with another unwholesome scoundrel, Frank C. Andrews, and lost his all. The body of Charles H. Smith was brought home and buried the other day at the expense of the firm. It is not pathetic?—Cheboygan Democrat.

For Sale—A large house, nicely located and well arranged for a boarding house. Enquire at this office.

### Fifty Years the Standard



### BAKING POWDER

Made from pure cream of tartar derived from grapes.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO.

### Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Land Office at Marquette, Mich.  
March 9, 1905.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed a notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the Circuit Court of Crawford county, Michigan, at Grayling, Michigan, on April 24, 1905, viz., Homestead application No. 10,137, of Oliver B. Scott, for the e 1/4 of nw 1/4 and ne 1/4 of sw 1/4, sec. 32, town 25, n 1/2 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Hascok of South Branch township, Mich.; Joseph H. Nichols of South Branch township, Mich.; Joseph Scott of South Branch township, Mich.; and Henry Pearsall of Richfield township, Mich.

THOMAS SCADEN, mar 16-6w Register.

### Probate Notice.

### Order for Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.  
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the village of Grayling, in said county, on the 20th day of March, A. D. 1905, Present, Hon. Wellington Batterston, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John C. Hanson.

Jacob W. Hanson, having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to himself or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the 28th day of April, A. D. 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper published and circulating in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Apr 6-4w Judge of Probate.

### Sale of State Tax Lands.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,  
Auditor General's Department, Lansing, April 1, 1905.

Notice is hereby given that certain lands situated in the county of Crawford, bid off to the state for lack of payment of taxes for the years 1901 and previous years, and described in statement which will be forwarded to the office of the Treasurer of said county previous to the day of sale, will be sold at public auction by said Treasurer at the county seat, on the first Tuesday of May next, at the time and place designated for the annual tax sale, if not previously redeemed or cancelled according to law. Said statement contain a full description of each parcel of said lands. JAMES B. BRADLEY, Auditor General.

### The Median Age.

The Buffalo Times points to the statistics collected by the national census bureau in the volume edited by Allyn A. Young, Ph. D., entitled "A Discussion of Age Statistics," as a refutation of the fear of race suicide, by President Roosevelt, and the dogma of enforced death by Dr. Ossler. Dr. Young's summary of results shows among other things an increase in longevity in the United States. The median age of the aggregate population of continental United States—that is, the age which evenly divides the population into halves—is 22.85 years. One-half the population is above that, the other half below it. This is a great advance over the median age a century ago, which was 15.97. Since 1820 the advance each decade has been on an average about two-thirds over the previous advance.

The median age of the population living in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants is about three and a half greater than the population in the smaller cities and in the rural districts. The reason for this is that there is a higher birth rate in the rural districts, while the younger adult population tends to the cities.

The median age in the North Atlantic and western states is higher than in the South Atlantic and south central states. This fact indicates that with all the severity of the northern winters followed by inclement springs, the climate at the north is more favorable to health than is that of the southern states with all their mildness.

The tendency to a decreasing birth rate is offset by the advance of the median age. The statistics make a good showing in the United States and should allay any anxiety regarding race suicide and the ending of man's usefulness at 40.

Subsribe and pay for the "Avalanche." Only \$1.00 per year.

Go To

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### Furnishing Goods,

### Groceries, Shoes,

### Hardware, Flour, Feed.

A. C. HENDRICKSON

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Originator and Introducer of Fine Garments for Men.

If you could see yourself as others can see you, would you not come in and look through our fine sample line for spring and summer and get one of our well made and

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

Shop Over Chris. Hanson's Saloon

Grayling, Mich.

The Old Reliable

## BARBER SHOP

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A Good Shave or Hair Cut.

Agency for Robert's Laundry.

Saginaw.

City Barber Shop.

A new shop, fitted up with every convenience.

CARL W. KREIPKE, Prop.

Located Next to Grayling Mercantile Company's Store.

GRAYLING, MICH.

AGENT FOR STAR LAUNDRY, RAY CITY.

Farmers, call

And get prices before disposing of your products and profit thereby.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DEMONSTRATIONS & COPIES.

Anyone seeking a sketch and description of any particular invention is probably welcome. Correspondence with Inventors and others is invited. Inventors are invited to send their inventions to the Office of Agent for Patent, 100 Broadway, New York, for examination. Inventors are invited to send

## Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APR. 20.

### Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year in ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

Subscribers to the late Grayling Times who desire to have the AVOCANCE continued to their address after the time for which they have paid has expired must notify us or their names will be stricken from the list.

### Local and Neighborhood News.

Grayling Lodge, No. 356, F. & A. M., will hold a special communication this (Thursday) evening. Work in the first degree. By order.

J. F. HUM, Secretary.

Patronize the McKay House—the best dollar a day house in Grayling.

Miss Laura Nelson has returned to the Ferris Institute to complete her course.

If you want your pump fixed right, call on Theon Deckrow, at Metcalf's market.

W. H. Warren, of East Tawas, visited Rev. H. A. Sheldon a good part of last week.

Chris Hanson must have the best, so he bought a new Harrison wagon this week.

Miss Ella Guild, of Deward, spent Saturday in town, visiting with old friends.

Mrs. Chas. Trombley left Tuesday for a two weeks visit in Bay City and Grand Rapids.

Dr. Woodworth is putting a new roof on his office, which will change its appearance.

Mrs. Anna Olson entertained fourteen young ladies, last Saturday evening, in honor of her birthday.

Mrs. Woodworth is amply prepared with up-to-date Easter millinery. New creations appearing every day.

E. A. Keeler has bought two fine building lots on Hadley's first addition and will build a residence there.

The Slingerland Brothers, of Maple Forest, drew home a new Harrison Wagon, "The best on Wheels," yesterday.

James J. Collen had to have a new wagon, so he bought a Harrison, which leads them all for lightness of draft and durability.

John Izenhauer is erecting a pleasant cottage home on Hadley's third addition, on the corner of Clare and McClellan streets.

Grayling is always well represented at the Ferris school at Big Rapids. Miss Minnie Nelson is the latest addition from here.

The large addition to the Fischer home on Peninsular avenue, built last fall by E. Sorenson, is being finished and is nearly ready for occupancy.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all the friends who so kindly aided us in making our fair a success.

The Ladies' Union.

Peter E. Brown came home with his equipment yesterday from Chas. Silsby's in Beaver Creek, where he has been moving some buildings the past week.

Stewart Sickler received the sad intelligence Tuesday of the death of his only sister at Syracuse, N. Y., who was buried that day. The word came too late for him to reach there for the funeral.

Solon Holbrook came down from Mackinaw City Saturday evening to see the wife and children. The two sick ones are now convalescent, so he hopes to have them all home again in a few days.

N. P. Olson is installing a hot air furnace under the Comer blocks to heat the Central Drug store and the express office next winter. He has also made sewer connections for the block.

A copy of the new law of trade marks will be sent to any one interested in trade mark protection by C. A. Snow & Co., opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

If your house needs repairing, plastering, calsoining, painting, etc., etc., call on Wm. Tubbs, for good work and reasonable prices. Residence on Park St., south side.

George Pearroll, of Richfield township, has ten cows, with calves at foot, which he will sell at a fair price, being overstocked. They are good ones. P. O. Address, Roscommon, Mich.

Rev. H. A. Sheldon went to Higgins Lake, Tuesday, for the purpose of uniting in matrimony Mr. Henry Heideman and Miss Martha Strobel. Mrs. Sheldon and Miss Olive enjoyed the ride with him.

The annual convention of the Bay City District Epworth League will be held in the Grayling M. E. Church June 1, 2, 3 and 4. Delegates will be present from all over the district. Also several noted speakers will add to the interest of the occasion. The details of the proceedings will be given as soon as the programs are issued.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church society took in \$200 at their two day's fair last week. As there were but trifling expenses to be paid it has added a neat sum to their fund, which will be largely augmented by church episcopate, which are numerous.

### The Orange.

In spite of stormy, cold, raw and disagreeable weather there was a fair attendance at the grange meeting Saturday.

Prior to the meeting lunch was served in the dining room below the hall, and this is to be a regular feature now.

Several who were down on the programme for the lecture hour were unavoidably absent, but the time was filled in interestingly. The recitation was excellent, one or two papers were read and considerable discussion followed.

Three of Beaver Creek's substantial farmers took ride on the goat and came out Grangers—well pleased with the operation, too.

The following resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Hon. Cyrus G. Luce were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The members of Crawford County Grange, No. 934, feel that in the death of Hon. Cyrus G. Luce the state has lost one of its greatest citizens, and the grange one of its noblest patrons and safest advisers; therefore,

Resolved, That in token of our high esteem and respect for this exemplary patron, this manly man, this great citizen and steadfast patriot, whose wise counsels have been one of the bulwarks of our organization, that the charter of this grange be draped in mourning for thirty days; and be it further

Resolved, That we extend to his family our sincere sympathy and the assurance that we believe his memory will be forever embalmed in the heart of every worthy citizen by the splendid and lasting achievements of his life, by his sterling qualities of mind and heart, and his devotion to the best and highest interests of the state and of his fellowmen; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of this grange, published in our local paper, and an engrossed copy sent to his family.

The programme for the lecture hour for next meeting covers several topics of interest and it is hoped the weather will be more agreeable and the attendance larger.

Next meeting, Saturday, May 6—fix it in your mind.

Ex-Sheriff Thos. Wakeley returned from Ann Arbor yesterday, where he had been under treatment at the University hospital. He is looking fine and feeling well.

The M. C. R. R. will give rates for the May Musical Festival, Saginaw, Mich., May 22-23, 1905, one fare plus twenty-five cents for the round trip. Date of sale, May 22 and 23; return, May 24.

L. HERRICK, Agent.

O. F. Barnes received his first consignment of cattle for the big ranch in South Branch, last week, consisting of 250 Herford steers. Their white faces are clean, and we believe they will make a nice bunch of money.

Our warehouse having burned we have decided not to handle our line of agricultural implements longer, and needed repair for the hundreds of Clipper plows in use the county will be kept by A. Kraus at his hardware store.

M. Hanson and G. L. Alexander will unite in erecting a fine two story brick block on the site of their present office this spring. The plans are nearly completed and work will begin at once. It will be occupied by the bank and Mr. Alexander's law offices on the first floor, and the offices of the new hardwood flooring factory and a suite of rooms for Superintendent Kerry on the upper floor.

The executive committee of the Young Men's Christian Association has arranged for an ideal vacation for the boys of Michigan from 12 to 16 years old, at Torch Lake, Antrim county, August 4 to 18. The camp will be delightful and the association will call for everything to make it a success. Write for prospectus and full information to L. E. Buell, state secretary, 2012 Washtenaw avenue, Ann Arbor, Mich.

As we are getting ready for the press this Wednesday afternoon the "Old Man" has come in and reports his tool barn and stock shed on the farm south of the village entirely consumed by fire, which came through the meadow, having caught from the fire pit of the planing mill, together with their contents, and a long line of fence. Fortunately the wind was a little north of west and though blowing a gale, the big barn was saved. The wind carried the fire east across the state farm, and but for hard work would have destroyed Niedner's ice-houses. Loss will aggregate about \$900.00. No insurance.

Reports having been circulated that John Howes of Maple Forest had misappropriated funds which he had collected for the benefit of E. Wilkinson, in replacing his house, which was destroyed by fire last month. Mr. Howes makes the following statement, which shows a different condition of affairs. Several subscribers objected to placing money in the hands of Mr. Wilkinson, and advised that Mr. Howes purchase the necessary lumber and material, which he did, and paid \$4.45 out of his own pocket besides \$5 which he had subscribed, to apply on the doors, windows and halls. Besides this he drew the lumber, shingles, etc., from the mill and the timber from the woods at his own expense, having only in view the doing a kindness to a neighbor and putting him in a clean and comfortable home, with thanks to all who assisted in the good work.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church society took in \$200 at their two day's fair last week. As there were but trifling expenses to be paid it has added a neat sum to their fund, which will be largely augmented by church episcopate, which are numerous.

### School Notes.

Physics class is doing good work.

We wish to heartily thank the Board of Education for the beautiful flag which floats from our flag staff. It will be displayed on all fair days.

Mr. Bradley is reading the story of Helen Keller, the blind girl, who is to graduate from Radcliffe college next June.

There has never been a time when young people with training were more in demand than at the present time. A gentleman called on Mr. Bradley last Thursday and offered \$40.00 per month for any young person whom he would recommend to teach his school for the three spring months. He also informs us that there are now two schools in Crawford county that have no teachers and are willing to make it an object for some bright young lady or gentleman to take for the next term.

Our artist, Gottlie Kraus, printed a nice new programme last week.

Some one of Mr. Bradley's arithmetic classes will get a half day holiday. Which one will it be?

Question: What is a shadow? Ask the physics class.

Our base ball team may be seen doing work nearly every night after school, under the coaching of Captain Frank Trombley.

Fred Michelson was a welcome caller last week. Fred has finished his work at the Ferris Institute, and will go to the University this fall.

Owing to Mr. Quinlan's absence, there was no school in the grammar room last Monday.

Miss Annin was absent Wednesday on account of illness.

Mr. Sheldon was a high school visitor a few days ago. Thanks, come again.

The upper rooms had an election last week Monday. The result was an overwhelming Republican victory. We are pleased to state that not a single vote was thrown out, thus proving that the sixth grade can vote intelligently.

Martha Knibbs is seen at school after a week's absence.

The following fifth graders were neither absent nor tardy during the month ending March 31:

Jesse Sales Hilda Svenson  
Harry Oaks Signe Ellerson  
Lorne Douglas Johannes Jorgen  
Leeiah Clark son  
Bessie McCullough Augusta Kraus  
Margrethe Bau Peter Jenson  
man Edna Pillion  
Gierda Svenson Clifford Hoyt  
Adolph Peterson Mary LaVenture

Our high school base ball team, with Mr. Bradley in charge, left Grayling Saturday morning with faces set toward the little city of West Branch, with but one object in view—that of annihilating the aggregation known as the high school team of the city of the Branch. The result shows only too well that often our fondest hopes are doomed to disappointment. Our boys died hard, but the cold weather and fast playing of the rival team proved too much for them. They are firmly of the opinion, however, that the return game that will be played here soon will redound in their favor.

Our handbills and circulars showing when the second game of the series will take place. There will also be a game with Gaylord in the near future.

For Sale—A good horse, harness, buggy and cutter at a fair price. Inquire of Charles Van Amberg.

A Box of Money

will actually be given away at Fourier's Drug Store to the lucky man who holds the key to the box. The key will be placed with others in a box by a committee, Messrs. Geo. L. Alexander, M. Hanson and C. McCullough, and every cash purchaser of one dollar worth of goods will get a key. When all are distributed, the holders of the keys will try them, and the one which unlocks the box will take it.

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Frederic.

Ross Coomer is at home from the U. of M. for the Easter vacation.

Mrs. Agnes McDonald returned to Frederic Monday, where her husband is stationed.

Mrs. Nettie Smith is visiting in Saginaw.

The Commercial house is ready for occupancy after the fire.

The schoolmarmas were out in the country last Saturday afternoon making sugar from the sap of the maple tree.

One case of measles in town.

Seventeen pupils in the primary department were dismissed from school one day this week because of lack of seating capacity.

Catholic services were held here this week.

From many parts of the state come reports of a heavy vote in favor of the good roads amendment to the constitution, though whether or not it received the votes necessary for its passage is still uncertain.

It is clearly indicated, however, that there is an overwhelming majority in many sections of Michigan in favor of intelligent improvement of the public highways, and it is likely that money to be expended for that purpose would be more cheerfully paid by the taxpayers than levies made for various other expenditures.

## Don't Neglect!

Gent—When you want a new Spring Suit, see the new up-to-date styles. The latest designs in home manufactures and the finest imported goods on hand. Also the newest weares and fabrics for Ladies' High Class Tailored Suits, on view at

**'Mahon's Tailoring Establishment,**  
Goupl Building, Opposite McKay's Hotel

### Drugs.

### Patent Medicines.

## THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE

N. P. OLSON, Prop'r.

## Headquarters For Athletic Goods.

We carry the Spalding Line.  
Recognized as the Standard of Excellence.  
Bring us your Family Receipts.

Prescription Work a Specialty.

J. A. MORRISON, Manager.

### Candy.

### Cigars.

### Seven Houses For Sale.

Seven houses for sale on easy terms. For size of houses, and terms to suit purchaser apply to Mrs. Sarah McKay, Grayling, Mich.

### NOTICE.

Applications will be received up to April 24th, by the undersigned, for the care of the township library for the ensuing year. Specifications are on file with M. Simpson, chairman of the Board of School Inspectors.

P. E. JOHNSON, Township Clerk.

### Poisons in Food.

Perhaps you don't realize that many poisons originate in your food, but some day you may feel a twinge of dyspepsia that will convince you. Dr. Kink's New Life Pills are guaranteed to cure all sickness due to poisons in undigested food, or money back. 25c at L. Fournier's drug store. Try them.

### A Grand Opportunity.

STUDY LAW AT HOME. Any person intending to take up the study of law, will find it to their advantage to communicate with

GEO. MAHON, mar30ff Goupl Bldg, Grayling, Mich.

### Frightful Suffering Relieved.

Suffering frightfully from the virulent poison of undigested food, C. G. Grayson, of Lula, Miss., took Dr. King's New Life Pills, "with the result that I was cured," he writes. All stomach and bowel disorders give way to their tonic laxative properties. 25c at Fournier's drug store, guaranteed.

### Cheated Death.

Kidney trouble often ends fatally, but by choosing the right medicine, E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Iowa, cheated death. He says: "Two years ago I had kidney trouble which caused me great pain, suffering and anxiety, but I took Electric Bitters, which effected a complete cure. I have also found them of great benefit in general debility and nerve trouble, and keep them constantly on hand since, as I find they have no equal." L. Fournier, druggist, guarantees them at 50c per bottle.

HOUSE AND LOT on Lake str., all right and nice, \$700.00.

LARGE HOUSE AND Lot on Cedar str., good title, good location and in good repair, \$850.0

### Think Straight.

It would be impossible for a lawyer to make a reputation in his profession while continually thinking about medicine or engineering. He must think about law and must study and become thoroughly imbued with its principles. It is unscientific to expect to attain excellence or ability enough to gain distinction in any particular line while holding the mind upon and continually contemplating something radically different.—Success.

### This is Truly.

Some have no respect for truth, And frequently abuse it; While others have all due respect, But very seldom use it.

### A Wonderful Discovery.

Broadlands, S. D., April 17.—Quite a sensation has been created here by the publication of the story of G. W. Gray, who after a special treatment for three months was prostrate and helpless and given up to die with Bright's disease. Bright's disease has always been considered incurable, but evidently from the story told by Mr. Gray, there is a remedy which will cure it, even in the most advanced stages. This is what he says:

"I was helpless as a little babe. My wife and I searched everything and read everything we could find about Bright's disease, hoping that I would be able to find a remedy. After many failures my wife insisted that I should try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I praise God for the day when I decided to do so, for this remedy met every phase of my case and in a short time I was able to get out of bed and after a few weeks' treatment I was a strong, well man. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

A remedy that will cure Bright's disease will cure any lesser kidney disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the most wonderful discovery which modern medical research has given to the world.

### Truth of the Fair Sex.

He—if a girl declines an offer of marriage and becomes a spinster, she is apt to regret it.

She—Yes; if she marries she is apt to regret it—so what can a poor girl do?

### Nervous School Children.

Statistics gathered by various School Boards, show that a large percentage of school children suffer from different forms of nervousness, mild or exaggerated. Some showed a tendency to melancholy, others mental depression, and many the nervous twitches of mild chorea, or St. Vitus' disease. Most of these troubles can be overcome by proper food, sufficient sleep, and Dr. Caldwell's laxative Syrup Pepsin. It is a universal children's medicine, because, if good food is eaten, it insures that the food is properly digested and indigestion and nerve poisons properly thrown out. It is pleasant to take, and safe and sure in results. Try it. Sold by all druggists at 50¢ and \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

Refuse to be discouraged if the standard you have reached does not satisfy you; that is a proof that you are an artist, not an artisan.—Success Magazine.

### Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure the Cough, and cure the Stomach Troubles. Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Sold by all druggists or by mail, 25¢. Sample mailed FREE. Address ALLEN S. OLIVER, 16, Ley, N. Y.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone, Franklin.

There are two ways to purchase an article, one is to have a knowledge of the goods, another is to know who makes "The Best." The National Casket Co. make the "The Best."

### Room for Improvement.

"I have here," said the agent, "an alarm clock that will kindly the fire in the kitchen range and start the coffee boiling. Can I sell you one?"

"No," yawned the lazy man, "but when you find one that will pour the coffee out and bring it upstairs I will be pleased to consider its purchase."

### No Laughing Matter.

Wages—Did you ever hear the joke about the two moons?

Jiggs—That's no joke. I've seen 'em many a time.

**EVERY ONE ASKS HIM**

HOW HE GOT RID OF HIS OBSTINATE MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Jones Tells of the Way by Which He Treated Himself Successfully When Doctors Failed.

Six physicians, all of them good, one of them a specialist, had done their best for Mr. Jones at different times during three years, and still he suffered fearfully from the tortures of rheumatism.

The rheumatism that had been dormant in his system was suddenly brought to an acute stage by exposure while he was drawing ice in February, 1901. From that time on for a period of more than three years he was a constant sufferer. He tried many kinds of treatment, but the rheumatism wouldn't budge. When regular doctors failed, and one remedy after another proved useless, many said: "I should think he would give it up and save his money."

Of his condition at this time, Mr. Jones says: "My rheumatism started in my right thigh, but in time it appeared in every muscle of my body. I lost the use of my left arm entirely and nearly lost the use of my right one. My feet were badly affected, especially the bottoms of the heels. When my right side was affected there was swelling, but the left side didn't swell when the disease settled there. The internal organs didn't seem to be involved at all. The trouble was all in the muscles and the nerves."

Among the few who still encouraged Mr. Jones to think that a cure might yet be found was a friend who had reason for great confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on her advice he bought a box of them in September, 1904. The story of what followed is brief, but nothing could be more satisfactory.

"When I was on the third box," says Mr. Jones, "I could realize a change for the better. I felt sure then that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the right medicine for my case. I kept on with them for several weeks longer and now I am entirely well, and everybody is taking what I took."

Mr. William Jones lives at Oxford, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effect wonderful cure in rheumatism, because they work directly on the blood which is the seat of the disease. They are sold by every druggist.



By Marie Swift.

For the lilies, fair and fragrant,  
Golden-hearted, snowy white;  
How they breathe of peace and pardon,  
Bidding care and pain take flight.

Through the perfumed, sacred stillness,  
Sleep, rest, repose, you go;  
Leave us with lily-like ones,  
To the tomb, so long ago.

Wear, taper, twirling starlike,  
Tillie with her basket of gold,  
Send your light, ye grace and fragrance,  
Tell the tale that ne'er grows old.

"Lord, I we cry, with eyes uplifted,  
Let us rise to-day with Thee!  
Like the lilies, golden-hearted,  
At Thy own, Dear Lord, to be."

Silence! Mystic sacred silence!  
Then a burst of seraph song!

Louder, clearer sounds the chorus,  
Hope and joy to it belong.

Neare com the sweet-voiced singers,  
Peace—Heaven—Peace—Benediction  
Over all the sacred place.

Be beneath the bright, Heav'n,  
In our hearts the joy of living—  
In our souls a glad Ann!

—Detroit Free Press.

### Easter at Windyville.

It was Easter Sunday at a little cabin, out in the prairies of western Kansas. Old Mr. Gripe, and his wife had got their wagon, and gone away to spend the day in visiting with some neighbors on Cheyenne creek, about five miles distant.

Tillie and Bennie Lewis, who lived with the Grips, to whom they were distantly related, and because they had no other place to live, had been left at home to take a general charge of things. Old Pete and his wife returned in the evening.

Dave Lewis and his fair young wife, with their children, had lived in Missouri a few years ago. The father had got the gold fever in a very strong form, and believed by going to the mining regions of the Rockies he would make a fortune, such as would enable his family to throw aside the toil and poverty that had been their portion in life.

Leaving his wife to keep house for her brother, who was a single man, Dave Lewis set out for the mountains, full of ambition and hope. A few letters had passed between husband and wife, a long silence ensued. Several months rolled by, during which time Mrs. Lewis' heart was filled with the direst apprehensions, then came a letter from a stranger, who wrote from some obscure mining camp in Idaho, saying that Dave Lewis had left that place with a party of venturesome prospectors, many weeks ago. He went on to say that while crossing the mountains, a fearful snow storm had suddenly descended, blinding and confusing them so they had wandered from the trail, and not one had escaped alive. Only a few bodies had been found, and it was believed that Lewis' body, with several of his companions, was buried far under a snow-slide down the pass.

Mrs. Lewis never fully recovered from the shock, and soon after, her brother having married and gone to a ranch in Texas, and having no other relatives to go to, she took Tillie and Bennie to Kansas to live with old Pete Gripe, who was her deceased father's half-brother.

But she did not live long to trouble over her condition, and all too soon, heart-broken Tillie and Bennie found themselves alone on those wild prairies.

It was Mrs. Gripe's wish to have the children taken to the poor house in the adjoining country, declaring it would take too much to keep "two big eatin' younguns" like them up. But Pete had declared against the poor house business, so Tillie and Bennie had remained in the Gripe household after their mother's death.

A sad enough life it was, too, which they led in the Gripe cabin, without books, playthings, or loving words, all of which are dear to the heart of children.

On that Easter Sunday, when they were left alone, Tillie was ten and Bennie seven.

Tillie was using an old stub of a broom to sweep the uneven floor of the kitchen, while Bennie, with his chubby little hands clasped behind him, watched her energetic motions.

"Why, Tillie," he said suddenly, "wot's Easter?"

"Oh, it's to stuff eggs, all they kin hold, I reckon," replied Tillie, pausing from her sweeping, and trying to look wise. "Anyways it's mostly eggs, for, you know, an's Easter! Miss Gripe lot me go over an' spend the day with Mary and Emmy Curry, an' they had fried eggs an' biled ones. Oh, it was nice!"

Such holidays were rare in the little girl's life, and the memory of that Easter passed with the Curry girls was a very pleasant one. Bennie, too, remembered that Easter, and the heavy cold which had made Mrs. Gripe forbid his accompanying Tillie on her visit. Although he had often gone over the details of that day with his sister, he always found some fresh pleasure in discussing it anew.

"An' hadn't ye nothin' else? nothin' but eggs?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! Heaps an' heaps more. We had 'lasses, an' biscuits, an' taters, an' turnips. An' jist all the eggs we could stuff. But Easter's mostly stufin' eggs, I reckon," she explained, resuming her talk with the broom.

"Say, Tillie," insisted the little fellow, "Ye bet they air, Bennie," returned Tillie, brushing the dust into the old fireplace.

"Won't Uncle Pete an' Miss Gripe stuff eggs though, today, over to Jordan?"

"My Won't they, though."

"I wish we had some eggs, Tillie."

"Maybe we kin have some, Bennie," and the dark eyes of the little girl twinkled roguishly and meaningfully.

"How kin we, when Miss Gripe made Uncle Pete tolle us 'as' one down to Windyville last night? An' we-uns wouldn't darst to tech 'em if they was bushels of 'em ayer, an' she knows just how many the hem lay every day," declared Bennie in half-vexed, half-patetic tone.

"Yes, an' wouldn't she maul us like bixy if we tech'd an egg?"

"Wouldn't she though?"

"Now, Bennie, the door's a-swept, an' we-uns air goin' down on Wolf creek to have our Easter," announced Tillie, arraying herself in a little old brown coat.

She put the boy's old cap on his brown curly head, and buttoned the solitary big brown button which fastened his little thimblerig jacket. Then she got up on a chair before the old cupboard, and took a handful of net from a big round, and several napkins from the match box.

"Oh, let's go, Tillie," cried Bennie.

"Well, Tillie, wot you good to do with

them?" cried Bennie, watching his sister's actions.

" Didn't I tell ye we-uns air goin' down on Wolf creek to have a Easter?" she said.

Tillie fastened the door securely behind them, then led the way to a stack of corn fodder behind the cattle shed. Dropping on her knees she began pushing the fodder away with her little hard, dark hands. Bennie bent over her, unable to comprehend his sister's strange movements.

"Not 'doy we mean by diggin' in Uncle Pete's fodder pile, Tillie?" he demanded with big-eyed wonder.

"It's a sp'ise for yer, Bennie," laughed Tillie. "Look that" and she leaned to one side to give the little fellow a view of her treasure.

"Eggs," he exclaimed. "Why, Tillie, where did yer lookin' for?" he asked.

"I found 'em from Miss Gripe, for our Easter," answered Tillie.

"Ain't they nice?" he cried in anticipation of the coming feast. "But how did it happen?" Miss Gripe didn't ketch her bird."

"These is the ash-colored pullet's eggs, an' Miss Gripe don't think she lays yit. Dan' I found her nest in yer briar patch, an' I took 'em when I got a chance—but don't yer ever tell, Bennie."

"Well, then, you'll go with me?" inquired Mary Jane.

"Yes, Bennie an' me go."

Having finished the eggs, the little party started up Wolf creek toward the town. On the way Mary Jane generally gave Tillie the larger part of her wild flowers.

When they arrived at the church, which stood on the outskirts of the town with a graveyard surrounding it, the Easter service had begun.

Many Jane led her oddly dressed company up the aisle, and seated them midway to the pulpit. Many eyes were turned curiously upon the little strangers, who trembled with childish emotion at finding themselves in such a crowd of the persons.

Though the remainder of the service was short, Tillie was made very uncomfortable by the almost constant staring of a large man, with heavy dark whiskers and prematurely gray hair, who occupied a corner of the seat opposite them.

church over to Windyville, 'cept when my ma's funeral sermon was preached,' answered Tillie, her face growing very sober.

"An' that's been as much as five years ago, ain't it?" asked Mary Jane sympathetically.

"Yes, an' I ain't never been to my ma's grave but twice since they put her in the burial' ground over to Windyville. Miss Gripe lays as it's plumb foolish for people to go back an' forth to the graves of dead folks," said Tillie, her eyes full of unshed tears.

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"We'll take 'em down on the creek, Tillie, make 'em a little fire, an' roast an' eat Easter all ourselves, like folks. Miss Gripe won't never bin' her."

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"Yes, Bennie an' me go."

Having finished the eggs, the little party started up Wolf creek toward the town. On the way Mary Jane generally gave Tillie the larger part of her wild flowers.

When they arrived at the church, which stood on the outskirts of the town with a graveyard surrounding it, the Easter service had begun.

Many Jane led her oddly dressed company up the aisle, and seated them midway to the pulpit. Many eyes were turned curiously upon the little strangers, who trembled with childish emotion at finding themselves in such a crowd of the persons.

Though the remainder of the service was short, Tillie was made very uncomfortable by the almost constant staring of a large man, with heavy dark whiskers and prematurely gray hair, who occupied a corner of the seat opposite them.



YESTERDAY.

Ship of Today! I watch you sail  
Across the leeswing hours to me.  
What storm can those brave wings assuage,  
What tempest toss ton? peaceful sea?

All happy things you seem to bring,  
A carol of long-sought desires,  
Rebirth of joy, glad songs of spring,  
And subtle hints of hidden fires.

Yet stand I silent and apart,  
Unwelcoming your fair array,  
With eyes turned toward you, but with  
Heart

Still with the Ship of Yesterday!

—Century.

### THE BORROWED BABY

**T**ED pulled his cap down over his ears and drew on his mittens. He hoped he would not have very far to go. He was out to borrow a baby, and although he was rather particular as to what kind he wanted he did not anticipate any difficulty in finding one.

He did rather wish it was summer, for he remembered that he had seen a lot of babies in the park in the warm weather, and it would have been easy work to borrow one of these. Now, he thought, he would have to go to some house and ask for one.

He had heard the nurse say that if the baby had lived its pretty stepmother might have rallied, but as it was they had very little hope of saving her life.

Ted had not cared particularly for the baby, but he loved his new sweet mother very much; he had been with one a long time and to be a little baby without a mother is very sad.

So he reasoned that if it was on account of the loss of the baby his mother might die—he would go out and borrow one for her, so that she could get well.

Luck was surely with him, for he had not gone very far when he saw a woman come out of a house with a baby in her arms. She stood as if uncertain which way to go. She was not a very nice woman, Ted thought, but the baby looked nice, so he stepped up to her and said: "Please, ma'am, could I borrow your baby for a while?"

"Lord love it, what's this?" said the woman, and sat down on the steps. "You want to borrow the baby, do you?"

"Yes, please, ma'am, I need a baby very much."

"He, he, ha-ha! If that don't beat the Dutch! You need a baby, well, I don't. I was just wondering what place I'd better take this one—the sitting of the station house. Its mother is lodged in my house, and she went to the hospital and died." "Well," she said, half to herself, "if it wouldn't be an easy thing to get rid of this kid to give it to that other one. Here," she said suddenly to Ted, "take the baby and run along with it." And she hurried into the house and shut the door.

"Here, nurse, I've brought a baby for her so she won't die," said Ted when he marched home, very tired, but very happy at his success.

When the nurse heard his whole story she took Ted in her arms, together with the "borrowed baby," and, with a mingling of smiles and tears, said, "I'll try it."

She dressed the baby in the pretty clothes of the little one that was gone and took it upstairs to the sick room. With a sigh of content the invalid clasped it to her and went to sleep—a quiet, deep sleep which spoke of recovery.

"I suppose, father," said Ted one day, when his mother was pronounced out of danger, "I suppose it's time to return the baby." He looked troubled as he said it, for the baby had won a large place in his heart.

"No," said his father. "I think, Ted—I think we'll keep your 'borrowed baby' forever!"—Indianapolis Star.

### PA FINDS A GAS LEAK.

**M**ae's Sensitive Olfactory Nerve Sends Henry on a Nocturnal Hunt.

"Henry," cried Ma Jones, aroused the sleepful Pa, some time between the dead of night and early the next morning, "I smell gas."

"Well, don't do it, Mary; it is a foolish beast," replied Pa, as he turned over and started to snore again.

"Henry Jones, do you hear me?" shouted the alarmed Ma, "there is gas escaping in this house, and I want you to get up and see what is the matter."

"Madam," returned Pa, irritably, "you fancy is taking another flight."

"You're imagination is working on where I am. What you smell is the soft coal smoke from a locomotive running twenty miles out on the Main Line. Forget it and go to sleep."

"Henry, I tell you it is gas," said Ma earnestly, "and if you don't get up this instant I will go downstairs myself, even if I am a hypochondriac on the spot."

"Mrs. Jones," returned poor Pa, as he climbed out of bed and started for his clothes, "you old hypochondriac! You take the wind out of this poor stricken life. You make me a hypochondriac now, enough to make their wings and sleep instead of smelling air for the fumes of gas!"

"What in the world are you doing?" demanded Ma, looking at the slow-moving Henry. "Are you going to sit on a full dress suit, while your shoes and comb your hair just to go down stairs and look for a leaking gas pipe?"

"Madam," returned Pa Jones, "I may have to go all the way to the rescue—or before I find that leak, and I certainly do not care to be mistaken for a communist, not to speak of the discomforts that I would experience from an unkindly temperature."

A few minutes later the procession started in quest of gas. Pa marshaling the assembled forces, which by that time included Norah and dear old Fido. Ma was sure that it was escape from Mother-in-Law Smith's room, and thither they went.

"Mother, are you dead?" asked Pa, in a hopeful sort of voice, as he pounded on the old lady's door.

"Not dead, my son, or even sleeping," returned Mother Smith, "but I think I smell gas."

Next they went to Willie's room and

### NEW RUSSIAN COMMANDER IN MANCHURIA.



#### GENERAL LINEVITCH.

General Nicolai Petrovitch Linevitch, who succeeded General Kropotkin as supreme commander of the Russian forces in the Manchurian campaign, is an active man, despite his seventy years. He is called by his men Papa Linevitch, because of his extreme age, which might well entitle him to the sobriquet of "grandpa." Grizzled and gray, his long years of service have given him a countenance that bespeaks the typical fighter. He did not, as has often been stated, rise from the ranks. Such a thing is scarcely a possibility in the Russian army, most high commands being given only to officers of the Guard. He won his spurs by hard service and active campaigning. To-day, despite his many years, he endures all the hardships of a strenuous campaign with as few signs of fatigue as the most hardy of his men. As a leader he bids fair to become as well beloved by the rank and file of the army as was his predecessor. He knows no fear and has always been at the front.

Johnny's room. No gas. Then to Sis' house and Edythe's boudoir. Nogas. "Are you satisfied now, Mrs. Jones?" said Pa, "or do you wish to keep up the Mimmon's parade until we have gone over the entire route and passed the grand stand in the cellar?"

"No, I am not satisfied," was the emphatic reply. "It smell gas, and I am not going to give up the search until I find out where it comes from."

The procession then counter marched to the head of the stair, passed down single file, and recommenced in the parlor. No leak was found in the chandelier, but Pa admitted that the atmosphere was a little frowsy, and thought it might possibly be due to an exposed gas bill.

In the dining room it needed no seershight nose to detect it, and seemed to be rolling under the kitchen door in large bunches.

"I told you so," cried the triumphant Ma.

"But you didn't produce any direct evidence to prove it, Mrs. Jones," replied Pa, "therefore the gas was entitled to all reasonable doubt. North, get me a candle!"

The tremendous advantage that this remarkable plan has is that it demands no special or laborious engineering work. There are no intricate problems or fears of great difficulty in the way. It is merely a question of good roadbed construction for most of the way and careful trestling for the rest. The keys are high enough above the water line to be amply protected in case of storms or winds. There is an outer line of coral reefs for the whole distance which acts as a sort of breakwater, so that when the storms heap the Atlantic up against the shore the keys are protected at all times. Trees along the whole way afford another protection on the keys. Most of the channels are only five or ten feet deep and the bottoms are of good clay or soft limestone which make ideal holding ground for the piles where permanent trestles are needed.

With this Pa opened the door and struck the fatal match. But it went out the next instant, and so did the gentle Henry, for there was a flash like a twenty-five horse power dynamite, a rumble like Japs throwing Russians over the Pass, and sundry yelps from Ma, Norah and little Fido.

"Well, I guess you are satisfied?" exclaimed Ma, glancing at the smoking chandelier.

"Shure, an it's ther same at this end," announced North.

"How-wow!" barked little Fido.

"Madame, Norah, dog," rejoined Pa, majestically, "I will have you one and all understand that I know what I am doing. The only logical, the only sensible way to locate a gas leak is to look for it, and since there are neither electric lights in the kitchen, or owl optics in my head, I presume you will admit the necessity of recourse to a candle."

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### WOMEN AND FASHION.

#### Motherhood.

You say that motherhood is blessed above all other blessings.

I am a mother who has felt the baby lips' caressing.

You say the mother's duty is the highest duty known.

I am a mother, from whose arms the nestlings all have down.

You say within the mother's hand the country's honors rest.

I am a mother whose brave sons the bloody field have pressed:

You say that God, whose goodness notes the tiny sparrow's fall,

Will keep from harm the mother's child who on His Name shall call:

I am a mother who through life in human bliss have sought

To follow Him who for our sins unto the cross was brought.

And I have seen my children pale and droop and die for bread:

I've seen the storms of adverse fate sweep darkly round a head whose clinging curls in childhood, the brightest sunlight shamed.

Shut out from all the world of good, by Christians soiled and blained.

I know what means that motherhood you turn aside to praise—

Its hopes, its fears, its cares, its pains, the parting of its ways.

Al, God! to sit white-haired and weak in poverty, alone.

Keep silent, ye who cannot know what mother hearts have known.

—Charles Eugene Banks.

#### SPRING STYLES FOR MAIDS AND YOUTHS.



every description, a way to do it by machine is worth knowing. Of course it will never take the place of hand work—nothing could. But at least it is a fairly good substitute for many things. Girls (and so many of them require row after row of stitching) and even dress yokes and cuffs are especially good done on the machine.

It is all a trick of the tension. Loosen the lower tension, leaving the upper tight, and stitch your rows exactly as if you were doing plain stitching. When it is all stitched pull the loose threads underneath, drawing the material up until it is as full as you want it.

Then fasten both ends of your threads, and your stitching is done, only about ten minutes having been needed instead of an hour or two.

But don't try it on delicate stuff—the stitching is sure to show.

#### DAME FASHIONS AND DECREES.

Shaded muslinette is one of the most striking novelties.

A jaunty continental hat of embroidered net is new and smart for the baby.

Gauzelets are wired for the new sleeves, which continue very full on the shoulder.

Thirty cents a yard is the price of a lovely flowered silk organza that looks a lot more expensive.

A redingote of all-over eyelet embroidery is trimmed scantly with black velvet, lace and a little narrow valenciennes.

Gowns of piece valenciennes are to be immensely fashionable and will be richly trimmed with mohairings and embroidery.

A pretty girdle of corn kid buttons up the front with a bow below and collar of satin same shade covered with a lattice of velvet ribbon two shades darker. Each alternate cap is latched with the ribbon, and the two lower ones form the sleeves.

This picture shows a plaited coat of beige faille with capes below a belt and collar of satin same shade covered with a lattice of velvet ribbon two shades darker. Each alternate cap is latched with the ribbon, and the two lower ones form the sleeves.

Their New Corset.

Women are to no longer wear the peculiarly low corset. They owe the change to the Marie Antoinette fashion. The straight high stomach front is required to give these bodices the straight line required from the bust line to the deep point. Though built on Queen Anne lines, these corsets are luxurious, with no torturing wood and iron, such as that monarch and her ladies endured. The straight-

front effect is thus retained, only it is elongated. And there are the supporters! It is said that an old corset of the day of Queen Anne actually shows traces of these same supporters.

#### Attractive Skirt.



Skirt of white abie taffeta with tufts at top and three flounces of Val lace; above each is a tucked band of silk bordered with narrow ruffe of same.

#### The Way to Rest.

Few women know how to rest as they should. They think that they must undress and go to bed to be thoroughly comfortable. This is a mistake.

With slumber occupying so important a position as it does at present on dresses and blouses and clothes of ev-

eryday wear, the result of their being pegged on the line by the corners when hung out to dry. It is wiser when hanging up such articles to throw them well

#### Tape the Corners of Sheets.

Very often sheets and tablecloths are returned from the wash with torn corners, the result of their being pegged

on the line by the corners when hung out to dry. It is wiser when hanging up such articles to throw them well

### A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

Probably no President was ever as unpopular in his own time as was Martin Van Buren, one of the worst finan-

cial panics that ever came to the country—happened during his administration.

Van Buren, however, repelled the whirlwind where the financiers of JACKSON'S administration had sown the wind of speculation.

The President became the target for all kinds of political accusations.

Naturally he was blamed for everything that occurred in public life that was detrimental to the country at large.

The good that he did was forgotten or unpublished. In consequence his term of office is one distinguished by discord and dissatisfaction.

He boldly took the unpopular side of several important questions, because he believed them to be the right side, without fear and without favor.

Against the pressure of wealth against the influence of his closest friends, he determinedly held out for an elective judiciary, negro suffrage and the treasury system. Some of the reforms long ago became an integral part of the government. Others have not yet come to pass, although there have been indications that public opinion seemed to veer in their direction.